

1923

Flamingo Vol. IV N 1

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Denison University

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Vol IV
9/11/23 (complete)

Flamingo



R.O.T.C.
NUMBER

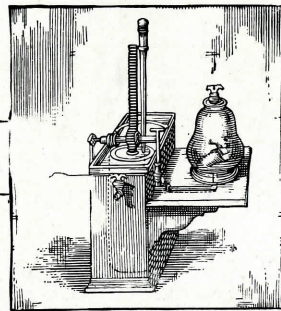


MARCH, 1923

DENISON UNIVERSITY

25 CENTS

ROBERT BOYLE'S



AIR ~ PUMP

The "PRACTICAL" Alchemist and "THEORETICAL" Robert Boyle

THE alchemists wrote vaguely of "fluids" and "principles." Copper was potentially silver. Rid it of its red color and the "principle" of silver would assert itself, so that silver would remain. With a certain amount of philosopher's stone (itself a mysterious "principle") a base metal could be converted into a quantity of gold a million times as great.

This all sounded so "practical" that Kings listened credulously, but the only tangible result was that they were enriched with much bogus gold.

Scientific theorists like Robert Boyle (1627-1691) proved more "practical" by testing matter, discovering its composition and then drawing scientific conclusions that could thereafter be usefully and honestly applied. Alchemists conjectured and died; he experimented and lived.

Using the air pump Boyle undertook a "theoretical" but sci-

entific experimental study of the atmosphere and discovered that it had a "spring" in it, or in other words that it could expand. He also established the connection between the boiling point of water and atmospheric pressure, a very "theoretical" discovery in his day but one which every steam engineer now applies.

He was the first to use the term "analysis" in the modern chemical sense, the first to define an element as a body which cannot be subdivided and from which compounds can be reconstituted.

Boyle's work has not ended. Today in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company it is being continued. Much light has there been shed on the chemical reactions that occur in a vessel in which a nearly perfect vacuum has been produced. One practical result of this work is the vacuum tube which plays an essential part in radio work and roentgenology.

General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

95-625D

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THE CLOTHIER
NEWARK, OHIO

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Correct Haberdashery



Captain—"What are you scratching your head so much for, Rufus?"

Private—"Aw, sah, I got arifmetic bugs."

Captain—"What are arithmetic bugs?"

Private—"Dat's cooties."

Captain—"Why call them arithmetic bugs?"

Private—"Because dey add to misery, dey subtract from my pleasure, and divide my attenshun, and dey multiply like the dickens."

—W. Va. Workman.

THE FLAMINGO

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Vol. IV

MARCH, 1923

No. 1

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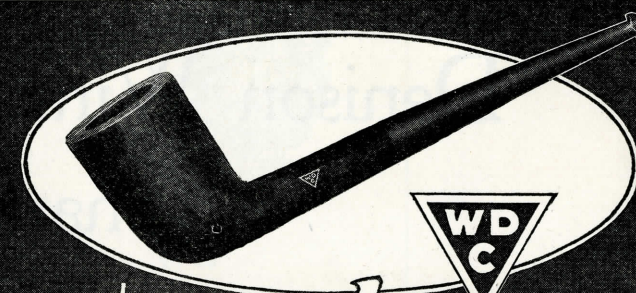
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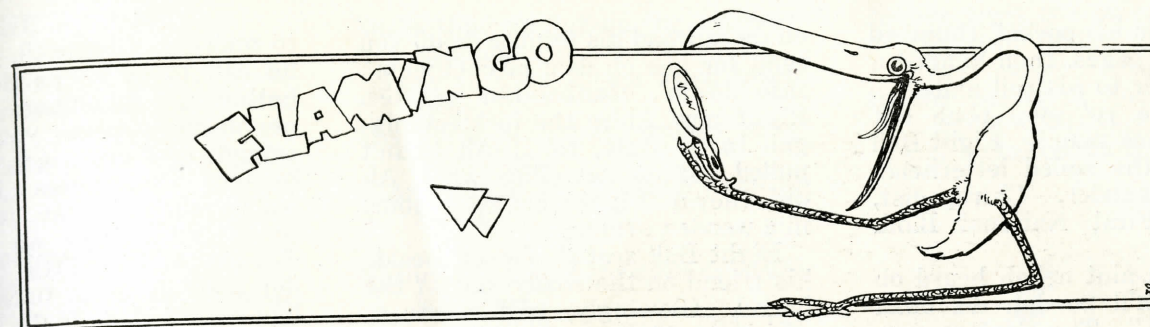
The Denison Flamingo



C.K.
1922

"They say that the army is getting to be all bunk."

"Why that impression? It's the least used article in the barracks."



A Humorous and Literary Magazine of Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

EIGHT BALL

By A. Chef

"At last de stag had drunk his fill,
An' crossed de spahklin', flowin' rill,
Two leaps took him to de forest's doah,
Ah nevah seen no such hind be-foah."

"Ah tells you, Rufus. You are the most undepreciative listener Ah evah read my verses at. Does you stop to realize, niggah, dat de hind am de lightest creature on his feet what roams de fohest glades?"

Agonistes Cromwell Judson laid down his pencil and surepticiously removed his uncovered appendages from the cool bars which formed the walls of the cantonment jail.

Agonistes Cromwell was better known to his friends and his officers as "Eight Ball," a cognomen descriptive of the subject to the nth degree, for no billiard ball that ever hit a cushion was as hard and as black as the towering capital of Alabama's sole representative in the northern camp.

The poet unwound his angular frame and projected one husky foot in the immediate vicinity of his cell-mate's center of gravity. The sounds of slumber abruptly ceased, the mouth of the sleeper came to rest, and sleepily Rufus surveyed his friend with a look which mingled scorn and disgust.

"Ate Ball, if yous got to spread yo'self at de mouth, give me poetry or give me death. I's so plumb tiahed ob dat stuff I's glad you's pullin' out to-morrow." Having thus broken all precedents by ejaculating two complete sentences at one attempt Rufus turned his back on his companion and again sought solace in sleep.

"Ah says, Rufus. What time do youah watch indicate?" Eight Ball rose to his feet, emitted a groan of pain as his weight fell upon his blistered feet and then sank back upon the chest which had served as his desk.

"Wha, fo', niggah, you aint goin' no place." Native blood was too strongly intrenched in the veins of the leisurely Rufus to bother with unnecessary trifles. "A'nt go no time. Aint wound him since we been in jail."

But Eight Ball could tell by the darkening windows that his last day of punishment was nearly over. Together with a half dozen of his comrades the shiftless draftee had been confined to the guard house for persistent violation of the regulations on "li'l Joes" and "nachrals." Eight Ball had taken his punishment in his easy-going way, while his companions rapidly reconciled themselves to the additional torture of listening to his verses.

"Rufus, Ah leaves you to-morrow."

A grunt of assent emanated from the bundle of overalls lodged on the narrow cot.

"Rufus, Ah's got to do something 'bout mah bunions." Persistently Eight Ball tried to make his companion talk. To sit still was something his education had neglected. Caressing the dotted cubes, eating, and sleeping were the only accomplishments he had acquired which he could pursue in silence, and even in these he often overstepped the limits of conventionality. Early in life he had realized that the tenderness which characterizes the natural-born poet had

extended itself to the other parts of his anatomy and was thus directly responsible for the invalidated condition of his pedal extremities. Army boots, lacking the cooling apertures which had made life bearable on the hot pavements of his native village had aggravated the trouble which made Eight Ball a happy man only when he could sag back in a chair and caress the cool walls of his cabin with his bare feet. Through the long days in the fields his thoughts were anywhere but on the onions or the tobacco he was cultivating. Like the Saharan traveler dreaming of the oasis' cool shade Eight Ball's mind fixed itself on his evening's Seventh Heaven when he could lie on his back and relieve his aching feet on the ironwork of his bed.

"When yo' gets outa this place to-morrow why doan you go to Chily and see de chiroprdist?" Rufus again broke all precedents by saying something without provocation.

"Chiroprdist? How come, niggah, nebah heard ob dem animals." Eight Ball was surprised, to put it mildly. The riff-raff, the hoi-polo, the low-brow Kentucky soldier had mentioned a term which the sedate, poetical Agonistes Cromwell, the intelligensia of the brig, had never even heard.

"Niggah, yo' doan' give this black man credit fo' knowin' nuffin! Ah goes to de chiroprdist when-ebah mah feet stahts hurtin' me. Li'l college boy sellin' books tol' me 'bout him fo' years ago. Two minutes, niggah, an' yo' can hab his address." With new-found dignity Rufus pulled a dilapidated

notebook from his pocket, thumbed thru a dozen pages, then handed a scrap of paper to his cell mate.

"Circumlate yo' eyes obah dat document, black man." Eight Ball slowly read the soiled letterhead, "J. B. Alexander, Chiroprapist, Room 107, First National Bank Building."

"Funny Ah aint nebah heard ob dat man. Ah'll pondah dis obah in mah mind." The draftee persuaded himself that with printed letterheads and satisfied customers like his companion the doctor would be worth giving a trial, so when the door of the brig opened before him the next morning he shook the massive hand of Rufus Waterville Slocum and steered a course which would bring him alongside the commandant's headquarters. Two hours in line, with aching feet shouting protests at their misuse and Eight Ball left the office with a slip of paper entitling him to spend six hours in Chilli-cothe.

Three days passed before the two inmates of the cell met again. It was the following Tuesday, while Rufus, a free man once more, sat peeling potatoes behind the cook tent. The warm sun shone amourosly down on his shining face, and with a barrel as a back-rest the soldier from old Kentucky dropped his head lower and lower upon his breast. The harbinger of slumber had hardly broken upon the air, however, when a small but solid Michigan tuber bounced from his curly pate. Awakening with a start Rufus looked up to see Eight Ball standing above him with a peeling knife in one hand and a large potato in the other.

"Howdy, lad. How am de feet?" Rufus Waterville had heard on being released that his mate had followed his advice.

"Mah perambulations determine the fac' dat mah feet am sound and feelin' fine. But lissen heah, niggah, nebah again am dis boy gwine to one ob dem M. D's. If Ah was to get mah haid cut off

on de railroad dis minute doan' you send for one ob dem po'chclimbin', safe-blowin', manhandlin' pirates. Right now Ah'm the luckiest niggah in de state, fo' if Ah hadn't pulled out ob dat office when Ah did, they'd shipped me back home in a wooden overcoat."

Eight Ball seated himself beside his friend on the shady side of the barrel. Glowingly, with gestures which would do credit to the most silver-tongued orator Nebraska ever produced he dove into his story.

"When Ah gits to town de fust ting Ah does is to fin' out wheah dis heah doctah operates. De policeman on de cohner tells me to advance straight ahead fouah blocks, turn to de right at de big church, go two blocks ahead and



ask another cop wheah de Fust National Bank building was located, which Ah did.

"Mah bunions was hutin' powerful bad by de time I found wheah Ah was bound, but Ah steps into the lobby quick-like jus' as tho Ah'd lived in de city all mah life. Ovah on de side of de big hallway was some people looking obah a list kind ob thing, building directory, it says at de top.

"Dey was sixteen floahs to dat structure, and de elevators chased each other up and down dat race track like de debil himself was in 'em. Ah looks at mah cahd and den looks at de list, and at de place marked fouth floah it says Room 206, Chiropractor. Well, de address said chiropradist and de numbah wasn't quite dat big, but Ah says

to mahself, 'Cromwell, yo, aint got no call to be so particular. You bettah take advantage ob your opportunities 'cause you gone far enough foah any black man wid de bunions. De difference in de names wa'n't much anyway, just three or fouah lettahs,' so Ah gets in de elevator and de little colohed girl dat pulls de levah back and foath lets me off at de foath landing and points out de doah of de man's office.

"Dat place appeahed to dis nigger jus den as de old Paradise itself, so Ah makes bold to open de doah, and step inside. De young lady what was deah asks me what Ah come foah, how come Ah hadn't made a appointment and so foath. Ob coase Ah tells her Ah came to have my man-killin' bunions fixed,

ions was hutin' like dey was on fiah, so de nice young lady says to sit on de chair in de office until de doctor was ready.

"Aftah a while he steps out ob de little room neahby and says, 'Well, Ah'm and she smiles funny like and says to come back in a half hour. Ah was so tiahed Ah could not have moved if Ah'd been sittin' in de middle ob de track with de Dixie Flyer approachin' and Ah tol' her so. Besides, mah bun-

ready foah de next patient."

"He looked fierce like at de cahd de young lady handed him, and den he says, 'Well, come in heah and Ah'll see what I can do foah yo'. De fust thing he does is to hand me some funny lookin' clothes, and says 'Theah's de dressin' room, put on dese duds.' Dis poah niggah couldn't see what dem Grecian veil things had to do with bunions but Ah acquiesced to his request and den returns to de main scene of operations.

"By dis time de doctah had took off his coat, and rolled up his sleeves like he was gwine to butcher hawgs. Ah didn't like de look on his face den, foah he looked like he was gwine to commit to 'salt the battery.

(Continued on page 19.)

JANE AND ME

Funny how old mem'ries ha'nt us
Of them days when we was runts;
Here we be, grown up old codgers,
And we be long past those stunts,
Jane and me,

That we pulled when we was
youngsters
In those drawn-out days of June.
Barefoot urchins! All we knew was
That the earth was right in tune
With Jane and me.

And little Jane! I can't ferget
The day we hookied to the spot
We called "our fort;" I picked a
flower,
You know the blue for-get-me-not?
And gave to Jane.

Old friends, 'twas good to be a boy
Right then, and hold her hand in
mine;
She wore a sky-blue gingham dress
But she looked like one divine,
Did Jane, to me.

I was ten and she was seven,
That mattered little to our love,
And years sped by with lightnin'
swiftness,
Yet we were true as the stars
above,
Jane and me.

I went out in the big wide world,
But Jane she staid to home;
And troubles, heartaches—you just
can't dodge 'em—
And scads of pesky worries come
To Jane and me.

But we jest kept right on a-smilin'
And a-waitin' fer the sun
To shine out sort of bright and
hopeful
Like we knowed he'd always done
Fer Jane and me.

And he did; why fellers, aint it
Proof enough, that we be sittin'
Right here amongst you in the sun
With all the birds and bees a-flittin'
'Round Jane and me?
—W. A. V.

ENVIRONMENTS

Butterflies captured and mounted
in cases
Do not show forth all the beauty
they hold,
But only when found 'mong the
clover and daisies
Do they give out all their glories
untold.

Shells that we find on the seashore
effulgent
Lose all their lustre when taken
away;
The voice of a bird sounds ne'er
so exultant
As when in the forest he whistles
his lay.

Nature has found for each creature
his place,—
The swallow a nest, and the
woodchuck a den;
And so man's at best when his life
doth embrace
A love for his God, and his home,
and all men.

—H. K. M., '23.



LIFE

A young man's life is a ship at sea
His charts are the dreams of
youth,
And rough are the waves as he
sails amain
In the search of right and truth.

His track is a path of many turns,
Now North, now South, he rides
For the sea is great and his bark is
small,
And strong are the winds and
tides.

Now out of the glowering West
there creeps
The cloud of circumstance.
With a lightning speed and a piti-
less force
It checks the bark's advance.

Some ships too weak for the
mighty power
Are driven far from their course;
A few thereby find a harbor fair;
Others strike rocks of remorse.

The souls that dare brave the
blows of the storm
Struggle on with steady aim,
But some are crushed 'neath the
angry waves
While the rest attain great fame.

At one time the storm seems the
hand of God;
It next causes harm immense.
In the hands of the soul is the
course of the ship
And he takes the consequence.
—C. H. L.



MY BIG SISTER, SHE

My big sister, she, has got a way
It makes no difference what you
say

At noon or night or early dawn
She simply hollers: "Aw g'wan!"

My big sister, she, has got a beau,
I can't tell his name, 'cause I don't
know.

But t'other day, I asked 'f 'twas
John,
An' sis, she hollers, "Aw g'wan!"

My big sister, she, was spoonin' one
day

An' I crawled up close to hear what
they say,

An' he asked to swipe a kiss, right
But sis, she snickers, "Aw g'wan!"

on our lawn!
'N he did.
—C. K.

INHERITANCE

I am a gamble of ages
And inherit eons.

A million grandsires were mine,
Each a vital factor.
I possess the Elemental, the Enzy-
matic,
The Protozoic of Siluria.
The counterpart of the Devonian
piscatorial to Recent

Rest in me.
In me surges the passion of the
savage,
The wanderlust of the nomad.
The bond of the clansman claims
me as do
Modern mores.

I am the past compressed in the
present,
A summary.
—C. K.

D'JA KNOW THIS?

"Well of all Gaul!" exclaimed Caesar as his wife presented him with triplets. From then on he heard the kids "bawl out" so much that he wanted to do a little of it himself occasionally. Hence he established the world's first R. O. T. C. as a good place to do it. In those days the initials were not R. O. T. C., however. They were S. P. Q. R. You can see them on almost any representation of Roman life.

It was from the Roman custom of "counting off" by fours that the

word "forum" arose; it was Latin for half a squad, being a contraction of the expression "four of them." The members of the corps drilled and were lectured five days a week, and took tests the sixth. It took the seventh day to recuperate from the test. The term used in speaking of preparation for an S. P. Q. R. quiz was "bonus," meaning, "to bone." The historian Ananias has preserved to us a sample question asked on these occasions.

Q. "How do we know that the

We wonder what Sherman would say about war now.

RHYMES ON THE CAMPAIGN

A modest, youthful doughboy
Fell desperately in love;
But feared to pop the question
Lest she should heartless prove.

At last in inspiration
He seized his pen, aglow—
Scrawled "Darling, will you marry me?"
And signed no name below!

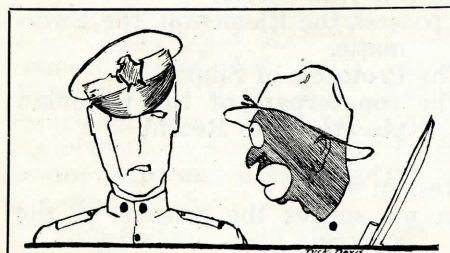
A college-bred lieutenant
In the army post at Wirth,
Dispatched a sub to find the place
Of Martin Luther's birth.

Two days elapsed, the sub came back
Convulsed with mirthful tears—
And told his super: "Say! That guy's
Been dead three hundred years!"

A brilliant young sentry named Crouch
Was reputed a terrible grouch;
When a friend said: "I can Vouch for this other man"—
He crossly retorted: "Well, vouch!"

Corp'ral Sammy's 'ealth is bad—
(From dinin' on tinned bully.)
And in his absence all his squad
Become most wild and wooly.

When Private Jinks suggests "Crockette?"
(As cause of all this ailin')
Young Private Bones replies "Not yet!
But glory be! He's failin'."
—E. T.



Officer of the Guard—"If anything moves, you shoot."
Sentry—"Yes suh, Capting, suh, an' if anything shoots, Ah moves!"

great general, Caesar, fell for an Irish flapper?"

A. "Because, sir, when he arrived at the Thames, sir, he proposed to bridge it, sir!"

The frequency of daily quizzes caused the students to say that the letters S. P. Q. R. stood for the "Society for the Propagation of Questions and Replies."

Some authorities contend that the fall of Rome can be traced directly to the discontinuance of the S. P. Q. R., as enough trained leaders could not be found to provide a market for the medal factories.

Cootie hunting in the Army of King Arthur was no joke; imagine the agonies of a squad cut off from its tinsmith!

Cap—"You are carrying a box of dynamite up to the front lines; there is no cover near; you are suddenly fired upon by a machine gun. What do you do?"

Sap—"I'd set down the box and lie down close behind it."

"How is Jack getting along in the Army these days?"

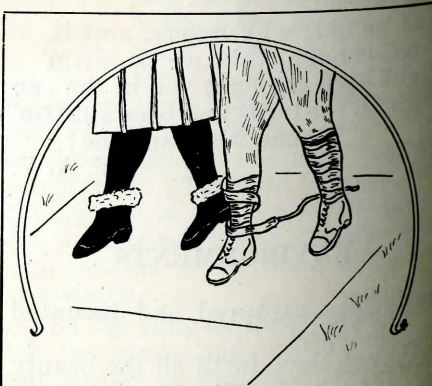
"Oh he's just wonderful! Why he's only been in six months and he said he was already up for Field Marshal or Court Martial, I don't know which."

Private Property—"Did you hear that Jim went A. W. O. L.?"

Private Stock—"Sure, but they brought him back P. D. Q. and he'll get more than K. P. this time."

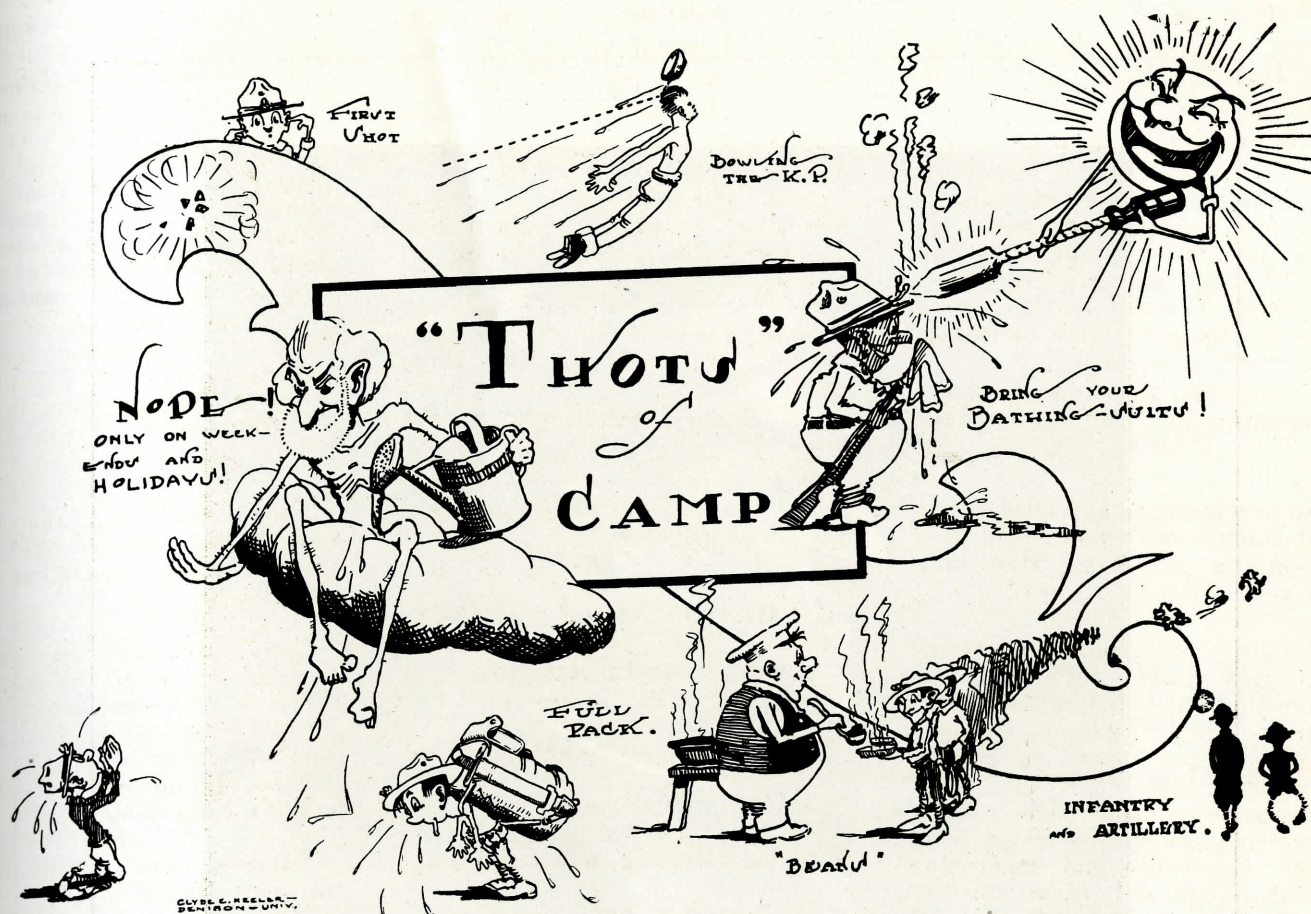
"After locating the new camp, how would you purify the water for drinking?"

"Put a guard around it."



Military Note:
"The right weakens."

THE RICOCHET



YOU SEE ABOVE,

Ladies and Gentlm'n, a sample page from the R. O. T. C. Camp annual, "The Ricochet," (that's the way you spell it, but it aint the way you pronounce it). Observe the joyful expression of the fellows, snapped by the photographer in characteristic poses. A hot sketch, without a doubt; come to camp—we'll have a warm time!

The Colonel—"In excavating a trench, Mr. A. Mile, where do you put the dirt?"

M. A. M.—"Throw it back in the hole."

Private Nature—"Do hand grenades go off in your hand very often?"

Cap Tan—"Only once."

Drill Sarge, after hopeless attempt with the dumb squad:

"Gentlemen, when I was a little boy, I had a little set of wooden soldiers, that I liked very much. But one day I lost them, and could not find them anywhere. My mother said to me, 'Never mind, some day your wooden soldiers will come back to you.' Now, gentlemen, as I look at you, I realize that my mother's words have been fulfilled."

Private—"I want a pair of socks."
Supply Sarge—"What number?"
P.—"Do I look like a centipede? Two!"

The Captain—"Now in using the one pounder in direct fire, you lay directly on the target."
The Dumboy—"Be darned if I'll do it!"

ARMY LIFE

When you say your pants are breeches
And you call your coat a blouse,
And you live in tents or barracks
Instead of home or house,
And you dress like all the fellows
From your hatcord to your shoes,
And you spread those daily rumors
And you always have the blues,
And you get so hard and brittle
(From the stuff that's in the
And when you speak of fellows
You call them birds or troupes,
Well you can't find much of glory
In the life that feeds the louse,
When you say your pants are breeches
And you call your coat a blouse.
—C. K.

Officer (at inspection)—"Is this your rifle?"

Private Keep Out—"Yes."
Officer—"Yes what?"
P. K. O.—"Yes, it sure is."

The Captain stood before his company one Sunday morning and said:

"All the men who want to go to church step out and reform on the left."

About one-fourth of the men so signified their desire to attend; then the Captain ordered:

"Lieutenant Brown, march those men who didn't step out to church; they're the ones who need it!"



Charles B. Clark
Colonel, Infantry, A. O. L.
A Gentleman and an Officer

Cavalry Lieutenant — "Did you receive orders to dismount?"
Rooky — "Yes, sir!"
"Where from?"
"Hindquarters, sir!"

Sarge — "How long does it take you to dress in the morning?"
Buck — "About twenty minutes."
Sarge (with dignity) — "It only takes me ten."
Buck (backing away) — "I wash."

Top — "Is this explanation clear to everyone?"
Bottom — "Sure! As clear as mud."
Top — "Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

R. O. T. C. — "I would enter the building cautiously, I would climb the stairs carefully, I'd break the door in quietly, rush in, and surprise him."

M. S. Prof. — "You're not militaristic enough."
M. S. Dud — "Sir?"
M. S. P. — "You're always unprepared."

"Did you hear the one about the mousetrap?"
"No!"
"Well, it's snappy."

You cock-eyed stiff-necked Cadet Lieutenants, read this and crawl into a hole!

Army Record of Colonel Charles B. Clark

Appointed to U. S. Military Academy from Massachusetts, June 15, 1895.
2nd Lieutenant, 23rd Infantry, February 15th, 1899.

1st Lieutenant, 6th Infantry, June 9, 1900.
Captain, 14th Infantry, July 3, 1906.

Major, 43rd Infantry, May 15th, 1917.

Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry, National Army, August 20, 1917.

Colonel, Infantry, National Army, July 30, 1918.

Colonel, Infantry, U. S. Army, July 1, 1921.

Served in Philippine Islands during Philippine Insurrection from March, 1899, to June, 1902; on duty at Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1903-1905; Instructor in Chemistry and Electricity at U. S. Military Academy, West Point, 1906-1910; duty in Panama Canal Zone and Republic of Panama, 1907; duty with China Expedition, North China, 1914-1916; duty Mexican Border,

1917; duty in France with American Expeditionary Forces, January 14, 1918, to June 30, 1919. Decorated by French Government as Officer of the Legion of Honor. Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Denison University since July 18, 1919.

COLLEGE RECORD

Graduate Tufts College (Massachusetts), 1897, with degree of B. C. E. and 1910 with degree of M. E.

Graduate United States Military Academy, 1899.

Graduate St. Louis Law School (Washington University, Mo.), 1904, with degree of LL. B. and admitted to the Missouri Bar.

FRATERNITIES

Phi Delta Phi, Washington University, Mo.
Army Consistory, A. and A. S. R.

THE DOUGHBOY AND THE DEMOISELLE

She was a fille from Paris,
He was a Yank from home;
They met in the park at Versailles,
Besides a general's tomb.

She knew two words of English,
He knew one phrase in French;
(He hadn't a sou in his pocket—
He was late getting back to his trench.)

She looked like an innocent sucker
(Her purse was stuffed with weights.)
And he seemed a splendid dummy
To swing the play of the Fates.

He edged a little closer
Along the ancient bench,
And, smiling on her sweetly,
He said in broken French:

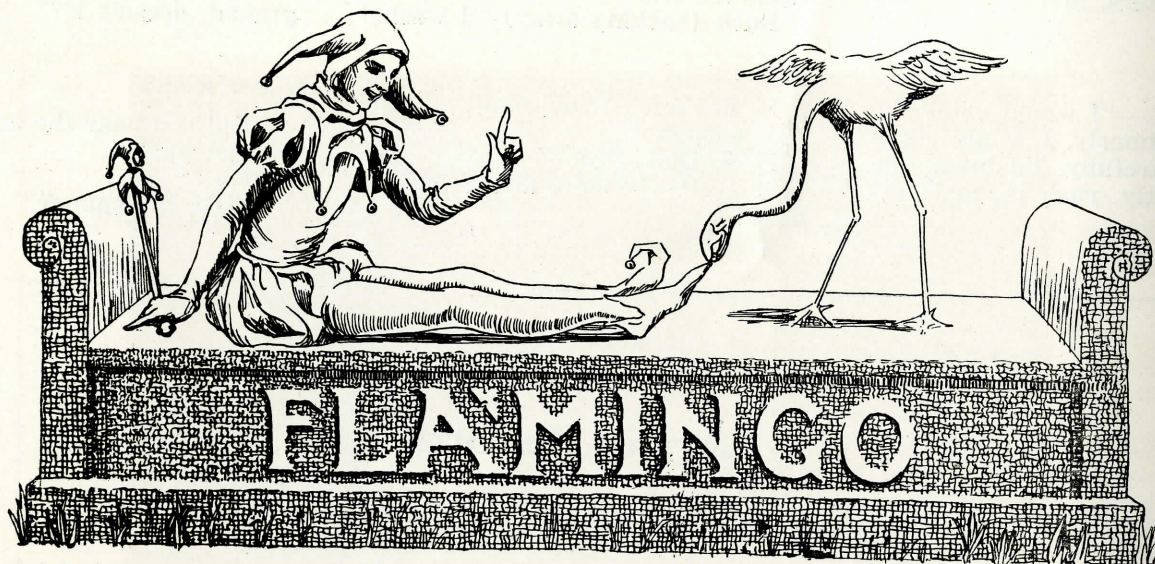
"Je suis charmé de vous voir!"
She simpered back: "How come?"
He plunged with relief into English—
Suggested they dine "and then some!"

She caught but the "dinner" and waited;
Then tactfully queried: "Comment?"
He grabbed her hand, pumped it, and shouted:
"Praise be to good luck, kid, yer on!"

He waited. She waited. They waited—
Each one for the other to start;
Grew steadily leaner from hunger,
And steadily madder in heart.

Salvation! A figure in khaki.
He'd borrow. He offered his arm.
'Twas only his colonel who faced him—
She'd fled with a shriek of "Gendarme!" —E. T.

Jesse James—"I've kept an account of all my quarrels in this diary."
Saint Peter — "Sort of a scrap book, as it were."



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Two Dollars the Year.

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WHEN

the Office Boy suddenly finds himself in the Chief's shoes, he has a moment of fear. Distance, they say, lends something or other to the view; and the Office Boy goes on record as being of the mind that it lends consider-

able. When you get up close, there aint no view. Not over the pile of work on Our desk, anyhow. But the hand of Fate has kicked a goal, and there's no getting out now. So, here We present Our first-born for your inspection; but if you say that "it is the image of its daddy," We'll crown you!

THE COLONEL

leaves us this year; it seems that there is some regulation or other that won't let army officers stay in one place longer than so many years, and the time is here, as the mouse said when it ran up the clock. We are sorry to see him go; but we are all glad that he has been here. From absolutely nothing, he has built up a "Unit" that can bunk with just

about any of 'em in the corps area; and Denison is one of the very few schools that do not have compulsory R. O. T. C. He has had a hard job; no decent supply rooms, no adequate classrooms, no drill field, no nothing; but he has done his duty like a gentleman and an officer. And you can't say more of a man than that!

YES,

the Ohio Conference Championship is ours; and we earned it. That is, the team earned it. All that most of us did to help out was to moan or yell, depending upon the circumstances. But of course, we couldn't all put on cute little red and white suits and toss the ball around; there's some rule about that; you can look it up for yourself or ask Don Hamilton. No, we couldn't do much except yell, and that is all the team expected of us. But we could have yelled a bit differently, in the Mystic Birds's opinion; we could have yelled so much differently as to leave out the moaning entirely. After a bonehead play has been made, no lowing noise from the crowd can turn it into a score; and after

a referee has made his decision, he'd be nothing but an outright idiot to take it back just because the surrounding crowd of humans turned into a flock of hoot owls. Denison teams have a reputation for fair play and good sportsmanship; and it would seem as if the rest of the student body sometimes forgets that the reputation of the team is a great part of the reputation of the university, and hence is shared by all of us. Let's grow up! Track and baseball are next on the schedule—keep up the old Denison Spirit; that is a ghost that walks all the time, whether the team wins or loses! Remember, fellows,

"We will always cheer for Denison!"

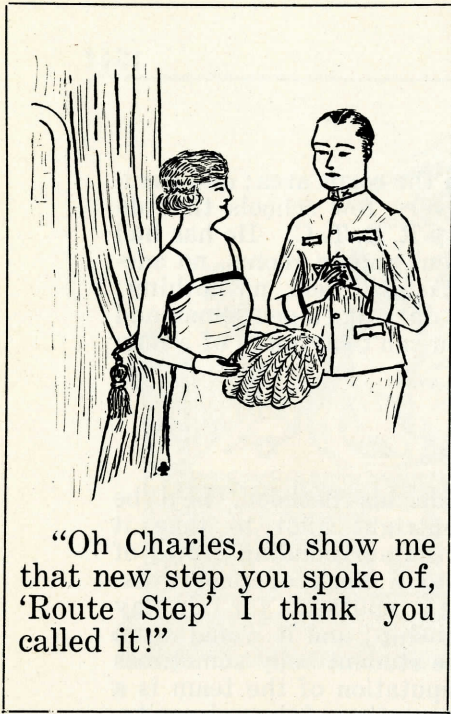
SQUAD, HALT!

The Flamingo wishes you all a fine vacation. Take the old books home with you, as usual, and as usual give them a nice quiet rest in some peaceful corner—it'll do 'em

good. Don't over-work; sleep a lot; eat a lot; have a warm time; and then come back to school and rest up.

Forward, March!





"Oh Charles, do show me that new step you spoke of, 'Route Step' I think you called it!"

Handsome Dick, The Hardy Hash Slinger

A Tragedy in Four Gripping Acts
Words by Robert Side-Burns
Music by The Bandoline Club

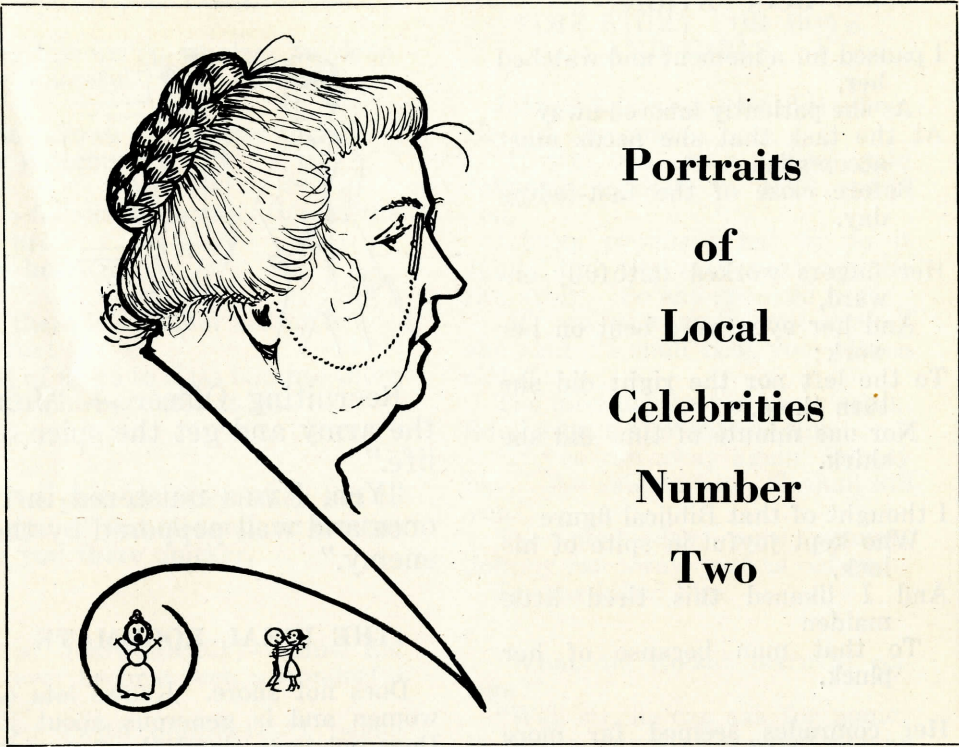
It was midnight. It was mid-
night in Granville. Indeed to be
precise it was midnight back of the
Sigma Chi house.
The stage is utterly dark. In
fact it is so dark that you cannot
see anything. To sum it up it is
very dark.
But hark! An Ingersol Radio-
lite is heard approaching in the dis-
tance. Clack-clack, clackety-clack—
it announces its approach in a dis-
tinctly individual manner—like a
popular brand of talcum powder.
At last the radiolite enters,
lighting up the stage, and dragging
after it HANDSOME DICK who
is modestly dressed in a full dress
coat and vest and a pair of lavender
pants.
As he approaches the back of the
Sigma Chi house his face lights up
with emotion and a cigarette and
he says,
"At last, I am once more in the
limits of civilization. I smell the
esculent odor of beans and sauer-
kraut." And dragging from his
pocket a flask of Cu3 (As O3))-
Cu (C2 H3 O2)2 he sits down on
the back porch of the Sigma Chi
house, takes a long drink, and goes
gently off to sleep.
As soon as the tuneful vocifera-
tions assure that he is asleep, a
skirt is heard to the right and soon
Agnes, the Butter Faced Beauty of

The more we hear of poor old
Tut-Ankh-Amen, the more we in-
cline toward cremation.
First Cannibal—"I've got a girl
who'd make a fine wife for you.
I'll sell her for three cows."
Next Cannibal—"I'm kinda short
on cattle just now. Know anybody
who'd swap a good cow for three
wives?"
"Why don't you wear a big belt
too, Sarge?"
"I don't dare."
"Oh, I see. Your name isn't
Sam Brown."
Freshman — "I sure fooled the
Prof. in that last quiz."
Soph—"How come?"
Frosh—"He said to answer the
questions in any order, and he'd
straighten the answers out. So I
wrote the alphabet as a complete
answer to the quiz and let him ar-
range the letters to suit himself!"
Outville, enters.
She lights a Pittsburg Stogie and
chortles,
"Ah, proud conqueror of my
heart, I have you by the left hand
toe nail. You are utterly at my
mercy. While you sleep under the
potent fumes of that dread liquor
which you so gaily inhaled a few
moments ago, I will rob you of your
pretty Frat Pin, I will call a parson,
and quicker than you can give the
signal for a double-reverse cork-
screw punt with trick formation
PKZ around left end your days of
single blessedness will be over."
And loudly raising her voice to
the fifty-sixth story, she calls,
"Parson, Parson."
And from the upper stories of
the house the Parsons come run-
ning, clad in Pajamas, Night-shirts
and flour sacks.
Agnes speaks,
"Which one of you will perform
a three minute wedding ceremony
at the rate of a dollar an hour?"
And all the parsons answer,
"I will be extremely pleased to be
of service to you."
Whereupon Agnes lines them up,
the shortest first, and inspects
them by the light of Dick's inger-
sol.
"Eeny-meeny-miney-mo, catch a
thelogs on the go, headed for a bur-
lesque show, eeny-meeny-miney-

mo," she counts and is about to
select her parson when OLIE
O'MARGERINE, the chief of police
of the St. Peter's Colored Church
comes around the corner.
"Oh dear, oh dear, what can be
all the excitement! Fifteen Thelogs
all awake at once, how did it ever
happen?" and he falls flat on the
ground stricken with an attack of
insomania.
Agnes rushes to him and begins
to bring him to by rubbing his nose
with a brick. He opens his eyes.
Agnes speaks, "Oh my hero, are
you still dizzy? As dizzy as you
used to be when we went together
in the Hanover High School?"
Olie opens his eyes, gazes into
Agnes's soft cow-like one's, then
taking a long thin glittering arti-
coke from his belt, gently stabs
himself on the lawn.
Agnes gets up and wiping the
tears from back of her neck, be-
gins to sing, accompanying herself
on a pickled onion, "Father's wood-
en leg has long since turned to saw-
dust.
The Thelogs all retire.
But now the first purple streaks
of dawn appear in the northwest
and the early birds begin to moo
and tinkle in the trees; milk wag-
ons race madly across the stage;
the heavenly odor of puffed rice is
wafted out the kitchen window.
Dick begins to stir; yes, he has got
up with a disposition of the night
before. He puts on his apron and
begins to stir the pancake batter.
In the front corner pocket is forty-
nine cents, the winnings of last
nights poker game. In his side
back fence pocket is a fried egg,
which was caught as it ran across
his path on the way to Outville—
while over his left eye is a beautiful
black shiner, the parting gift of
Agnes.
As he greases the pancake griddle
with a piece of yesterday's ox-tail
soup he sadly sings the closing
verse:
"Away up in Outville where they
love true
That is the place for me and you.
But as long as I remember I never
will forget
The night that I was married to
my cross-eyed pet."
(Curtain.)
"Johnny, you shouldn't refer to
your teacher as a jackass."
"Can I call a jackass a teacher,
mother?"
"Well, I suppose so."
Johnny (to his teacher, on the
other side of the street)—"Hello,
teacher!"

HOW'S BUSINESS?

"Fine," blustered the judge.
"Picking up," pronounced the
shop lifter.
"Booming," blurted the artillery
officer.
"Punk," protested the Chinese
oriental goods dealer.
"Rushing," reported the frater-
nity man.
"Excellent," exclaimed a student.
"Failing," foretold another stu-
dent.
"Fair," falsified the weatherman.
"Grave," grieved the undertaker.
"Great," giggled the stove mer-
chant.
"Rotten," remarked the egg mer-
chant.
"Degrading," drawled the Prof.
"Fierce," fretted the animal
trainer.
"So-so," solaced the dress maker.
"Pressing," purported the tailor.
"Brightening up," beamed the
brass polisher.
"Up in the air," uttered the avi-
ator.
"Tip-top," tittered the steeple-
jack.
"Bully," now added the Spanish
athlete.
HUMANUS CORPORIS
(Cootie)
Thou bitin', itchin' little villyan
Hast cost our Gov. a couple millyan,
Hast changed the style of Army
clothes
To tucked in seams, the story goes.
Once Science called thee a pedic-
ulus,
Which seemed to all a bit ridic-
ulus,
But tho wise Science change thy
name,
Thy instincts just remain the same.
—C. K.
Private Jones—"Jim Bilkins is
dead."
Corp. Jones—"How come?"
Priv—"He stuck his head into
the Captain's room and hollered,
'Fire.'"
Corp—"Well?"
Priv—"The Captain did."
No, Oswald, R. O. T. C. does not
mean the Royal Order of Tomato
Canners.
First Sorority Sister—"I'm sorry
I couldn't have tea with you dear
but you see-er-I had a class."
Second S.S. — "Yes, darling, I
saw him; some class."



Portraits
of
Local
Celebrities
Number
Two

Physics Prof—"Mr. Brown, give
the formula for the Chinese Cap-
stan."
Brown (semi-conscious)—"Kow
kow kow!"
HISTORIC PARALLELS
A general stood with his shattered
troops,
His back against the wall;
The air was rife with the sound of
strife,
And the bursting cannon-ball;
The air was thick with smoke and
fire
And the enemy's fiendish gas;
But the leader fought through the
shell and shot
And he cried: "THEY SHALL
NOT PASS!"
A professor sat mid scattered
cards,
A pen poised in his hand,
And hour by hour with visage dour
The small white cards he
scanned.
Then with purpose grim and a
heart of flint
He started to grade the class;
And his pen dripped red with its
message dread,
As he muttered: "THEY SHALL
NOT PASS!" —G. W., '26.
Sid says that all hay fever isn't
caught from kissing grass widows.

BENNY SAYS:

The uther nite Isbell
and a new man had a
date in the livun room.
In the afternoon Isbell
unscrewed all the lite bulbs
so they wuddent lite and
when he cum she tawked
about a burned out fuse.
They set down on the davunport
by the fire which purty soon
went out. It was pich blak
when I sneaked in.
They were tawking but once they
were quiet for a long,
long wile and purty soon
Isbell sed, You idjit
you've ruined my wole face and
I'll haf to make up again.

"I just knew some succor would
come!" gurgled the fair maid who
had been saved from drowning by
Jackson, Illinois, '25.
History Prof.—"What is the most
famous date in ancient history?"
History Scoff—"Antony's with
Cleopatra."
We would have liked to have
heard King Tut-Ankh-Amen try to
give his name over the telephone.
English 1—"A narrative is the
record of events; now, if as an ex-
cuse for absence you told me that
your grandmother had died, that
would not be a narrative."

OUR MONTHLY RADIO BED-TIME STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Johnny had been a bad little boy. He had run away.

"If you run away again," said Johnny's mother, "I shall spank you."

Johnny promised not to do it again; but the very next day he ran away. So she spanked him.

"If you ever run away again," she said, "I shall beat you with a club."

The next day he ran away again. So she beat him with a club.

"If you run away again, Johnny boy," she said to him, "I shall kill you."

The next day, sure enough, Johnny ran away, just as before. So, she killed him.

"What did Robert learn at college?"

"Well sir, he can ask for money in such a way that it seems like an honor to give it to him."

What we learned Christmas Eve: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—but not half so much as presents.

What we learned New Year's Eve: You can't paint the town red without getting some on your nose.

Fresh—"Say, Little One, can you tell me roughly what time the show is over?"

Ticket Seller — "Yes, doggone your measly hide, about ten-thirty, you rat!"

Friend advisor at New York to a westerner fresh from the plains—"No, Alonzo, there are no cattle around the stock exchange."

Venus (crossing the moon beams)—"By Jupiter, I hope there aren't any splinters in these."

"Do you know which is the west side of a boy's pants?"

"The side the son sets in."

SPEAKING OF LITERARY INDIGESTION

"My heart is with the ocean," cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said the seasick novelist, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

SO THIS IS COLLEGE!

Some fellows go to class to sleep. How wasteful!

Some fellows go to class to talk. How indecorous!

Some fellows go to class to razz the profs. How horrid!

But there is no other reason? Oh yes! Most of us go to class because there is nowhere else to go.

"The path of glory leads but to the grave," but stepping on the gas gets you there quicker.

Prof. (sarcastically)—"How did you ever become such a wonderful orator?"

Spof (with dignity)—"I began by addressing envelopes."

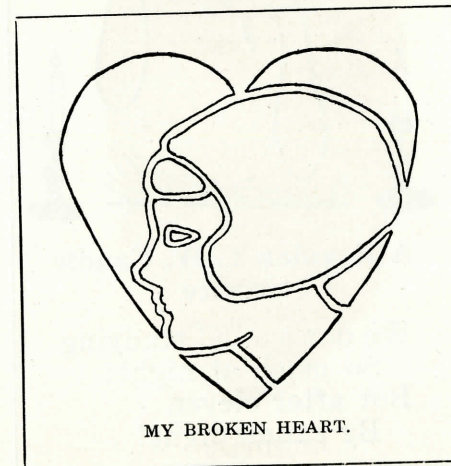
Chem. Prof.—"To-morrow we will take carbolic acid."

"Gentlemen, I am dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly, so as not to wake the other classes in the building."

AFTER IT'S GONE

It's called "hard cash," And that is right, you bet; For I have found It's doggoned hard to get.

Some of them call it cash, Some of them call it jack; But I've found the hardest Thing is to call it back.



MY BROKEN HEART.

EIGHT BALL

(Continued from page 8.)

"Den mah knees began to wobble and Ah knew mah day ob judgment was approachin'." Look heah, old man," he says, "Climb up on dat table." Obah in de coahner dey was dis funny lookin' contraption like de stretchah in de morgue. Ah still couldn't see how dis would help mah pore bunions, but Ah climbs on de strecher, and den he jumps me.

"Fust off, he runs his fingahs up and down mah back, jus' like makin' up his mind wheah to strike. He draws back, den advances his right and lets dis black man hab a blow between de shouldah blades dat would make mah old mule ashamed ob himself.

"'Did yo' feel dat?' he says, kind of gentle like.

"Did Ah feel dat? Ah could heah de windows rattle in de buildin' 'cross de street. But dat was only de fust ob de battle, foah den he stahts de rough work which would made de Johnsing-Willard fight look like a Sunday School picnic.

"Aftah he woaks on mah back, he stahts on mah neck, and den he quits jus' because dere aint no moah neck to woak on. Den he raised up foah a breathing spell and says 'Ah needs a drink, lay still an' Ah'll be back.'

"Get a drink nothin', Ah says, he's after a club. Deah wasn't no man in de state dat could have kept dis niggah on dat table at dat precise moment. Ah got off dat bed, goes ovah to de window, and dere Ah sees a fiah escape which went cleah down to de ground.

"Good-by, Mr. Chiroprdist, Ah exclaims, den Ah picked up mah uniform and stahted down dat fiah escape in dose pajama robes. Ah followed dat alley cleah to de ribah, and Ah found a place in a wagon shed wheah Ah took off dat shroud and climbs into dat ol' uniform.

"In two hoahs time Ah was back heah in camp, and when Ah looked at mah feet Ah found dat runnin' so fast down dat alley had worn every bunion off de bottom of mah feet and dey haven't bodered me since."

"That poor fellow over there can't hear it thunder."

"Deaf, eh?"

"Nope! It's not thundering."

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

It used to be in days gone by, When gallantry was at its best That gay young knights with plumed crest For ladies fair would fight and die. Our ma's when young, were coy and shy; They smiled and blushed—"he" did the rest. "He" made the passionate request, "She" only made the short reply.

But now the young man is the prey; "She" seeks her own connubial pard And makes, herself, the plea sublime. No single man is safe today, The dumbest boob is on his guard—Ye gods! It's leap year all the time! —G. W., '26.

GETTING HELP

Life at the fraternity house is very peculiar.

When I first moved out there I had two dozen fine handkerchiefs, eight good collars, seven pair of silk hose, any number of razor blades, and a fair amount of excellent stationery.

Two weeks later I had only eight handkerchiefs, four collars, three pairs of hose, no razor blades, and not a sign of any stationery. I was bewildered at the time, but now as the semester closes I don't feel so bad.

I find I have three very nifty shirts, four knit ties, one whiz of a knit scarf, and a classy pair of dress shoes that certainly weren't with me when I came.

Yes, life at the house is very peculiar.

"Why did they bury George Washington standing up?"

"Because he wouldn't lie."

AGAIN?

A man was driving along the road and saw a Ford machine in the ditch with the wheels projecting skyward. Seeing no one around he went on, and after a while saw another Ford in the same position, and still later another. A man was standing beside the third and he inquired what was the trouble. "Oh," replied the man, "Some one has sprinkled louse killer all over the road."

OCCUPATION

I paused for a moment and watched her, As she patiently labored away At the task that she needs must accomplish Before close of the fast-fading day.

Her fingers worked faithfully onward, And her eyes were bent on her work; To the left nor the right did she turn them, Nor one minute of time did she shirk.

I thought of that Biblical figure Who kept joyful in spite of his luck, And I likened this tired little maiden To that man because of her pluck.

Her comrades seemed far more successful, And they left her without of-f'ring aid; They probably could not have helped her, E'en tho had they been highly paid.

At last her dark face became brightened— Knowest thou about that which I wrote? It just was a Sem-maiden searching In the dining hall for her lost coat. —L.H.

"Florence has bobbed her hair." "Sort of shortened her wave length, as it were."

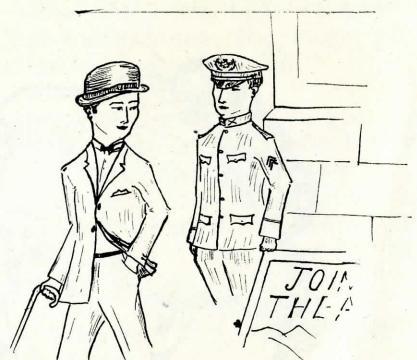
She does not mind A runner in her hose; With longer skirts, The thing no longer shows.

NEWS NOTE

Mrs. Julia Sonet vs. Ed. A. Sonet. Divorce granted. (Evidently not a love sonnet.)

AN ECHO OF EXAMS

A thing of beauty is a joy forever; A flower blooming by a lonely way; A star shining high among the heavens; A paper penciled with a gleaming "A."



Recruiting Officer — "Join the army and get the spice of life."

"Yeh, I was mustered in it once and well peppered by the enemy."

THE IDEAL ROOMMATE

Does not snore. Knows lots of women and is generous about it. Does not rave about the "one and only." Wears his own clothes. Is the same size as I am. Lends his clothes willingly. Uses only half the dresser and a quarter of the closet. Is good for a new story every day. Takes our courses. Is better in them than we are ourselves. Does not turn on the light when he comes in late. Can find his own bed when he does come in. Wears his own shoes, and furnishes shoe polish.

Just because a man says "Nay" to everything, is no sign that he has horse sense.

BENNY SAYS:

My gosh you should a seed the fish I kaut yestiday. Sum fish. Gosh he was a heavy one. showed him to unkle bill and rite off he sez yep he's big—ways about five pounds. I sez gee how kin you tell. Why he sez thats esy. cant you see he's got Scales on his back!

Sigma—"It's getting light in the East already."

Chi—"Great Scott! I should have been home an hour ago!"

Student—"What are your terms for students?"

Landlady — "Deadbeats and bums."

VERSES ON AN OLD SUBJECT

(If it effects YOU this way; keep away from it.)

If I had asked you for a date
In my new car to ride,
Though I had asked you rather
late,
I know with "Yes" you'd have
replied.

Had I asked you to have danced
At roof, cafe, or hall,
You that date would sure have
chanced
With me at any ball.

Had I asked you to a show,
A comedy quite rare,
You would have said, "Why sure
I'll go,"
And, "Old dear, you are a bear."

But just because I have no car,
Nor "jack" to throw away,
You say, no matter where you are,
"I gotta date, I'm sorry, kid, just
try some other day."
—R. Ates Leau.

I loved you;
And you said that you
Loved me....
Forever .. and ever ..
But one night I came early;
And say you..
YOU!
With your hair in curl papers.
Goodby
Forever .. and ever.

The Superintendent of the school
was instructing the new lady Prin-
cipal in her duties, and told her not
to convey too much information
in her questions. Here is the ques-
tion she asked one student, during
a recitation on the siege of Troy:
"Who dragged who around the
which of what and when and
why?"

"Why is it that Phi Bets are so
successful in love?"
"It must be that peculiar charm
they always have about them."

Bent — "Quivering jelly! I've
just lost between one and two hun-
dred thousand dollars in a poker
game!"

Broke—"Between one and two
hundred thousand dollars! Don't
you know the exact amount?"

Bent—"Oh, about a dollar and a
quarter."



There's nobody like you, not one in
this world;
Not one with eyes quite so bright,
Not one whose chin is so dimpled
Or whose lips smile just right;
Nobody else can laugh at me
And give me that feeling of bliss,
And I never knew a single soul
I wanted so badly to kiss.
Nobody else can be so sweet
Or make my heart heavy as lead;
For, dear little girl, I love every
curl
On your dear little curly head.
—I. Do.



A Regular Y. W. Candle Service

We don't mind studying
So much at night;
But after eleven
By candle light!

Sweetheart, when you are gone
The horrid Minutes creep so slowly
by

I do not wonder that they live,
Grow old, and die,
Three score to the hour.

And all the silly Moments
Stand about, grimace, and glower,
And dance grotesquely at my stilled
love song.

But when I'd shake then soundly
For their gibbering and tormenting
And lingering too long,
Lo! They are gone.

And yet another fiendish Hour
Rises up,
The longer
Absenting
You from me.

Where are you now,
Of whom I've dreamed?
Where are you now,
With whom I've schemed?
Who now holds thy soft white
hand,
With its rouged finger tips?
Who, e'en this minute,
Doth press it to his lips?
Who now in some secluded spot
His love for you does vow?
Oh, fragile, fleeting memory,
Where are you now?
—Whocun Tell.

Rook — "There's a man that
thinks it a virtue to steal; the fact
is, he always has the base at heart.
And yet people stand for it."

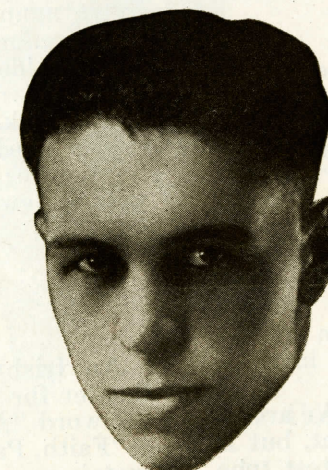
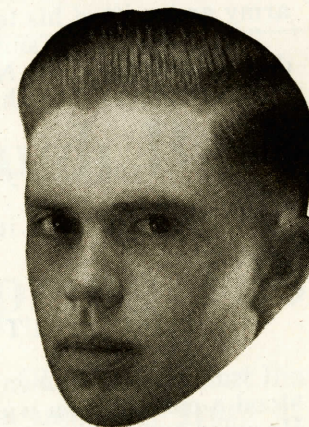
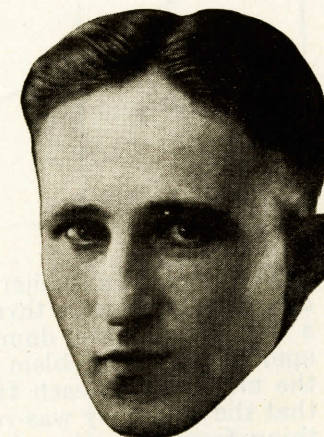
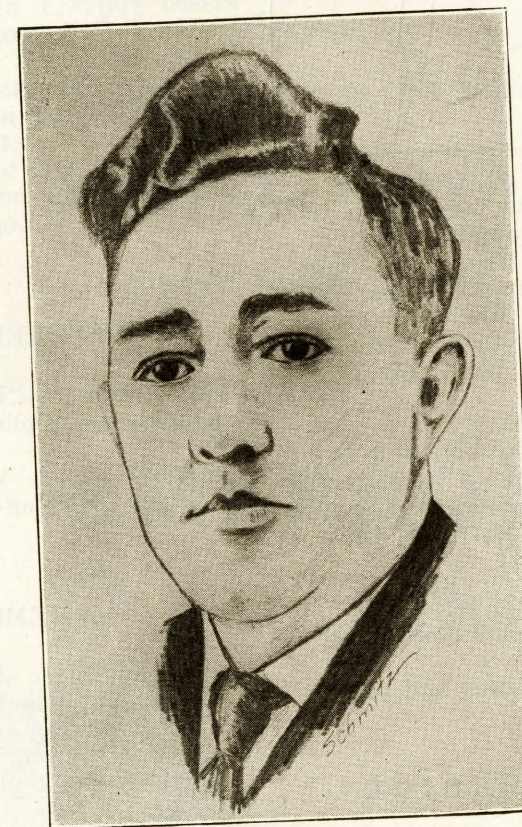
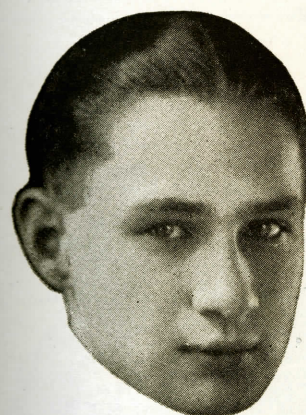
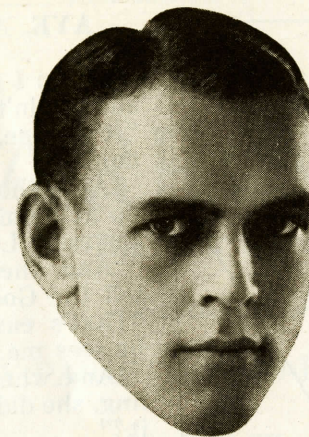
Rooked—"What's his name?"
R.—"His name's Cobb and he's
a baseball player."

Rd.—"Well, he isn't as bad as
that fellow next to him. He makes
others do the dirty work."

R.—"Who's he?"
Rd. — "Name's Spencer. He
makes men steel pens."

Father—"My son, your mother
and I are spending as little as we
possibly can. I get up in the morn-
ing at five-thirty and work until
after six. But son, at the rate
your expenses are running, the
money just won't go around. Now
I ask you, as one man to another,
what do you think we had better
do?"

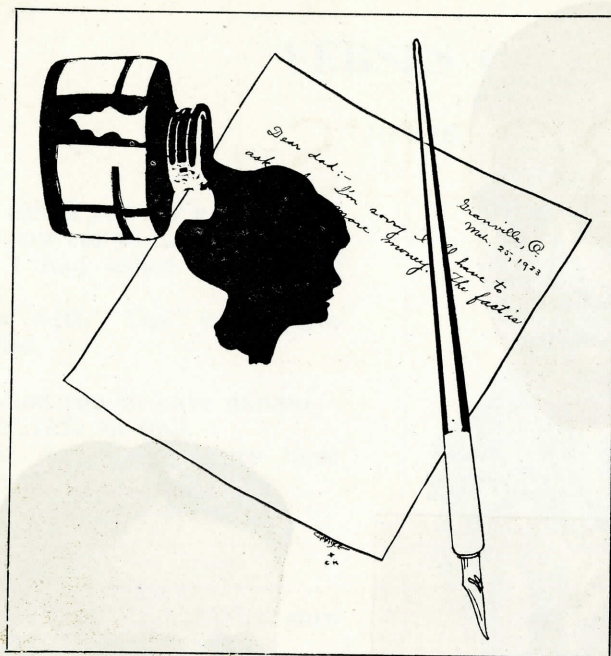
Son—"Well, father, I don't see
any way out but for you to work
nights."



Ohio Conference

Benison

Basketball Champions



They tell of a soldier who was trying to drive an Army mule thru the narrow gate of a small ammunition dump. He and the mule approached the problem from all angles, but the mule won in each try. About the time that the doughboy was ready to commit anything from arson to murder, his C. O. came along.

"Having trouble?" said he.

The private remembered that he was in the army and gritted his teeth.

"Oh no, sir," he smiled, "I was just wondering, though, how Noah got two of these bloody beggars into the Ark!"

"Why do you wear your medal inside your shirt?"

"The cooties think it's a cookie and break their teeth on it."

HE HAD CUT OUT THE WILD LIFE

I was in a department store and beside me stood a colored man waiting for his package. He spied some silk pajamas on the counter.

"What's dese?" he asked.

"Pajamas," replied the salesman.

"What's dem?" was the next question.

"You wear them at night," answered the salesman. "Would you like some?"

"No, Boss," said the negro, "I'm married now and don't go out nights no mo'."

—Princeton Tiger.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE

Freshman chem student to man at the storeroom window — "Give me an inverted test tube."

Man at the storeroom window — "We are all out of inverted test tubes at present, but if you will knock the bottom out of a test tube and seal the top you can get the same results." — Green Gander.

AYE, AYE! WHAT'S HER NAME?

When I met her at the dance, and she said she hadn't caught my name and I said, "It's Stone," she didn't say, "Oh, what a hard name!"

And when I asked if she knew Sam Smith up at Penn, she didn't say, "Sure, I sleep in the same Lit class with him."

And when I remarked that it was hard to tell the Goomis twins apart, she didn't say, "That's easy. Harry always blushes when he sees me."

And when I happened to say I liked Kipling, she didn't say, "Oh, is that what you call it?"

So we went out to the sea wall, and I tried the supreme test. "What would you do if I kissed you?" I whispered. She didn't say she'd call Father or Mother, or even, "I don't know, I haven't read the latest College Comics." She just dropped her eyes and tilted up her face a little and I did. And she's coming to the next hop.

Ain't it grand to know a girl who doesn't take the college magazines to heart?

—Log of U. S. Naval Academy.

IT'S DIFFERENT IN SHORTHAND

Stenographer—"Hodja spell 'sence?'"

Employer—"Dollars and cents, or horse sense?"

Stenographer—"Well, like in 'I ain't seen him sence.'" —Wag Jag.

REMINISCING

Uncle and niece stood watching the young people dancing about them.

"I bet you never saw dancing like this back in the nineties, eh, Unkie?"

"Once—but the place was raided." —Siren.

A miser was scoring his hired man for his extravagance in wanting to carry a lantern when calling on his girl.

"The idea," he scoffed. "When I was courtin' I never carried no lantern. I went in the dark."

The hired man proceeded to fill the lantern. "Yes," he said sadly, "and look what you got." —New York Daily News.

PAGE CAESAR

An Irishman and his wife were at the theater for the first time. The wife noticed the word "Asbestos" printed on the curtain.

"Faith, Pat, and what does Asbestos on the curtain mean?"

"Be still, Mag, don't show your ignorance. That is Latin for 'Welcome.'" —Beanpot.

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right here in Granville—and it is
YOU who are permitting us to
prove it beyond a doubt.

Our only means of an expres-
sion of our appreciation is to take
greater pains with every order
that you entrust to us; to stretch
a point here and there to present
better flowers to you.

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Dear Fadder:

I'm going to get a commission in the
R. O. T. C.

Izzie.

Dear Izzie:

Dot's fine! How much iss it?

Fadder.

—Fire.

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Satisfaction

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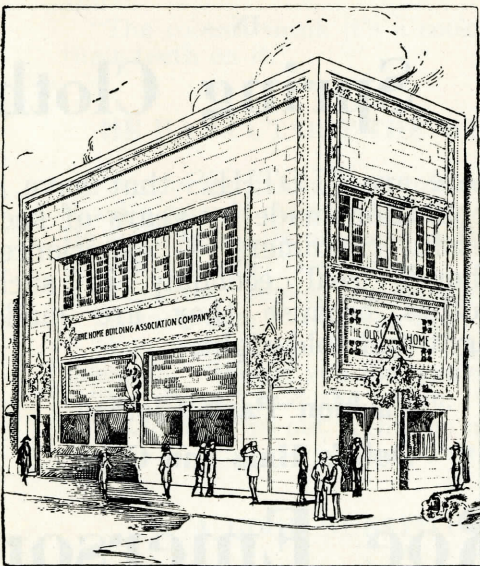
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that this means to you if you are
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Most people think of lumber as "just lumber," precisely as they think of coal as "just coal."

The man who has studied the subject of coal will very quickly tell you that some coals are immensely more valuable than others, even when they look alike, for the simple reason that some coals contain a greater amount of heat units than others, these being commonly known and designated as B. T. U's, or British Thermal Units. In the same way, the man who knows about lumber can very quickly explain to you why some lumbers are more valuable than other lumbers for certain uses, even though the average observer would never detect any difference between the two.

Not only is this true as between species of woods, but it is equally true as between grades of lumber of the same species of wood.

We know lumber. We know grades. And we are here to see that you get the necessary information and satisfactory service from the lumber that you buy—that what you get is properly adapted to the use to which you will put it so as to render you the greatest value and the greatest economy.

The R. B. White Lumber Co.

GRANVILLE

The first fellow boasts of a B. S. degree,
The next one steps forth with a hard-earned
M. E.
Another one calmly displays LL. D.,
While all I could offer was R. O. T. C.
—Green Gander.

AND CALL AGAIN!

"Sir, would you give a few dollars to bury
a saxophone player?"
"Here's thirty dollars. Bury six of them."
—Bison.

James K. Morrow

Funeral Director

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Mortuary 129 E. Broadway

Phone 8126

Granville, Ohio

Mother — "Is your new friend Margery
what I would call a nice girl, a dignified girl?"
Fair Undergrad — "Oh, yes. Why, when
we have plays we always give her the maid's
parts because no one else has good enough
manners."—Columbia State.

"The girl I marry must have common
sense."
"She won't have."—Sour Owl.

"Ho, Hum! There's nothing new under
the sun."
"No, and there's also a lot of old stuff
pulled off under the moon."—Jester.

THE WRONG ROAD

Rowing Coach—"You want to come out for
the crew? Huh. Ever rowed before?"
Candidate—"Only a horse, sir."
—Punch Bowl.

Officer (just bawled out)—"Not a man in
this division will be given liberty this after-
noon."
Voice—"Give me liberty or give me death."
Officer—"Who said that?"
Voice—"Patrick Henry."—Awgwan.

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"Column right," said the bookkeeper as he
saw that the books balanced to the penny.
—Sun Dial.

"There's something in that, too," said the
burglar as he stuck his hand in the cuspidor.
—Boll Weevil.

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That's not our fault, but the fault of Quelques Fleurs
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most perfect creations made. Many size bottles.

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East Side Square

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FREEVILLE FOLLIES

Chaperon (to couple sitting out a dance in
dark corner, at a barn dance)—"Here, what
are you young people doing?"
Voices in unison—"We're a'doin' what we
set out to do."—Cornell Widow.

Sambo—"Mandy, can I kiss you?"
Mandy—"Piggy Wiggly."
Sambo—"What you all mean?"
Mandy—"Hep yo'self."—Sun Dodger.

Stu—"What did you do with the quizz
yesterday?"
Dent—"Knocked it cold."
Stu—"I suppose that's why it was so stiff
when I took it this morning."—Virginia Reel.

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Professor (explaining magnetism)—"Jack,
how many natural magnets are known of?"
Jack—"Two, sir."
Professor (surprised)—"Yes! and will you
please name them."
Jack—"Blondes and Brunettes, sir."—Froth.

AN EXCEPTION

Dude—"I take a cold shower every morn-
ing."

Rube—"Did you take one this morning?"

Dude—"No, there wasn't any warm water."
—Parrakeet.

Diner (trying to cut his steak) — "Say,
waiter, how was this steak cooked?"

Waiter—"Smothered in onions, sir."

Diner—"Well, it died hard."—Yale Record.

Mary's Beau (waiting for her to come down
stairs)—"Is Mary your oldest sister?"

Kid Brother—"Yep."

Mary's Beau—"And who comes after her?"

Kid Brother—"You and two other guys."
—Lehigh Burr.

O. M. Aunt—"And I suppose, Willie, that
after your tour through Sweden you can tell
me all about matches and how they are
made?"

Willie—"Well, no, auntie, but I don't blame
you for wanting to know."

"Why what do you mean?"

"Daddy says that you have been trying to
make one for about twenty years now."
—Phoenix.

Marcia—"Oh, my ancesters have done so
much for their posterity that they will
always be remembered."

Peter—"So have mine. They mortgaged
the old home and it isn't paid off yet."
—Phoenix.

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S. S. DEVENNEY	E. J. CASE	FRED MILLER
	W. H. KUSSMAUL	

SAY IT ALOUD

"Why is a moth flying around a candle like a gate?"
"Because if it keeps on it sings its wings."

At the Nuthouse: "See that man? He's crazy. He says he's George Washington. But he's not; I am!"—Imp.

Fond Parent—"What is worrying you, my son?"

Willie—"I was just wondering how many legs you gotta pull off a centipede to make him limp."—Sun Dodger.

"She gave me a wooden look."
"Beam, eh?"
"Nam—bored!"—Banter.

Cub—"Is the editor particular?"
Star—"Mercy, yes. He raves if he finds a period upside down."—Lemon Punch.

Farmer Brown—"Be there any advantage in sendin' yer son Josh tew college?"
Neighbor Green—"Wall, I reckon. It gives him a chanct tew wear out the knickers he throwed aside when he put on long pants."
—Punch Bowl.

"And don't you remember those old spider-web sort of hammocks?"
"Ah, yes; too well. That how's I was caught."—Phoenix.

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Flamingo

OR DID YOU BUM IT

Off Your

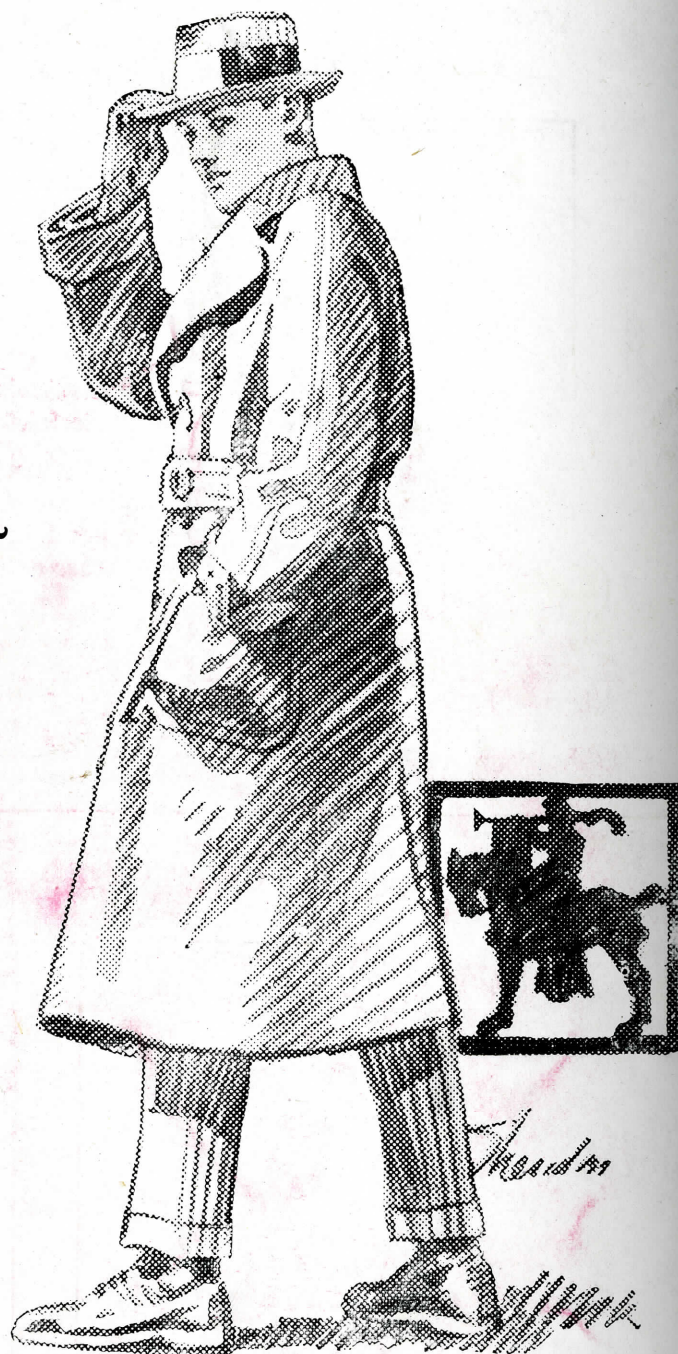
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